











AND THE THIRD DAY

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AND THE THIRD DAY

AN IMAGINARY DIALOGUE
IN THREE PARTS
WRITTEN FOR THE CACTUS CLUB OF DENVER
BY JAMES GRAFTON ROGERS
AND PERFORMED AT ITS OUTDOOR THEATRE
IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS
AT ITS FOURTH ANNUAL CAMPFIRE
SEPTEMBER 3, 1922

DENVER · THE CACTUS CLUB

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printed for the Cactus Club under direction of the
Yale University Press in June, 1923.

THE CHARACTERS

[With the original cast of September 2, 1922]

Bannard, a	Ma	ınha	ttar	ı fiı	nan	cier				Robert G. Bosworth
Chisholm, h	is ,	secre	etar	y						. Burnham Hoyt
Aeroplane P	1101	t	•							. Richard S. Fillius
Sing Lee										. E. Clinton Tansen
Blackbeard										. Leroy R. Hinman
Kalanaú		•	•							. Charles T. Sidlo
Thorgis .										Allen T. True
Indian Chro	nic	cler								Henry W. Toll
Other Apparitions										

THEATRE STAFF

Richard L. Livermore, Edmund B. Rogers, Maurice Biscoe, George William Eggers.

MUSIC

Horace E. Tureman, Irvin J. McCrary.

SITE

By courtesy of G. L. Baird.

THE CAMPFIRE COMMITTEE

James N. Wright, James Grafton Rogers, Fred W. Hart, Harold Kountze, Walker Van Riper.

AND THE THIRD DAY

THE time is today. The place is a glade in the high-altitude forests of the Rocky Mountains. The dense woods give way in the center of the stage to make room for a spring, which seeps out on the steep hillside which forms the stage. It gathers volume in a little pool, fringed with bluebells and willow-herb, in the center, and then tumbles in a little cataract towards the audience into a larger pool, which moat-like divides the spectators from the players. This pool in turn overflows its rocky margins both to the right and left, so dividing its discharge. Circling the glade are thick-bodied, towering spruces. There are little grassy mounds and slopes around the pool, outside the water-growth. Behind, a steep hillside of rising spruce forest.

[Darkness. A faint luminosity, green and white, betrays the water. The stage proper is invisible. A strong green light from uncertain sources then sets out the spruce trunks in the far background, and lights smoke boiling from an urn. The urn is in the high distance, on the slope among the trees. An Indian figure obscured now and then in drifting vapor rises behind the urn. He is impersonal, and symbolic, conventionalized with tall feathers in his hair, leggings and a wide ceremonial blanket. He rises out of the smoke and chants to a faint accompaniment of a tom-tom and unidentified stringed instruments. His face and figure are lighted by the glow from the urn, as the vapors grow less.]

THE INDIAN CHRONICLER

AWN, Noon and Night are the trackers, unwearying! Dawn, a gray cougar who slinks from the East, Licking the drip of Night's wounds on the mountain-tops; Noon, the tall Sun-God, comes hunting the beast;

Night is the Thunder-bird, droop-winged and wounded, Stalking tall Noon with a carrion eye,—
Three are the trackers! And three days returning Mark changes in all things that creep or that fly!
Thrice they track round from the Cave of the Underworld. One day of turmoil and anger and pain;
One day of cleansing, confession and fasting;
One day of glad resurrection again!

Number the days of the Magpie, the chatterer!
Most like mankind, for he jabbers and steals,
Trailing his tail like a tepee-pole after him—
Hark what the Magpie the first day reveals.
Dawn! And the Magpie's afloat thro the pine-boughs,
Plotting to steal from a nut-cracker's nest.
Dark! He limps down with his sleek feathers trailing,
Boasting and scolding the fate of the blest!

[The green glow fades.]

FIRST SCENE

[Darkness. There is the throb of an aeroplane, growing louder, then it chokes, sputters and stops. The whistle of air in aeroplane rigging, a crash at the left, a flicker of fire at the left margin of the stage. Two figures crawl out of the wrecked wings of an aeroplane, now visible in the growing flame at the side of the stage. The Pilot and Chisholm look back, dazed, at the wreck.]

PILOT

Holy Moses, that was close! That ends the aeroplane business for me.

CHISHOLM

Oh, this is most distressing.

PILOT

Man alive, I could see it coming for five minutes. That damned carburetor was choking up. We couldn't make it over the Divide. There was nothing but rocks and trees under us for fifty miles. Distressin'! *You* didn't know it till we hit the trees.

CHISHOLM

Oh, most distressing, most unfortunate. [Aghast.] Young man, where is Mr. Bannard? What have you done with Mr. Bannard?

PILOT

Gosh, I forgot all about him. Get that fire out! Not water—that's oil. Dirt!

[They shovel dirt with their hands, and suppress the flames.

While they still flicker, Chisholm working clumsily with his hands, the Pilot climbs into the wreckage, and tugs out BAN-NARD, finally pulling him down by the water on a mound at the left. The stage lights grow and reveal the three. The PILOT is a trim youngster, in a sheepskin coat, helmet and leggings, quick, intelligent, naturally light-hearted. Chisholm is a man of fifty-five. His heavy overcoat is torn, his cap missing, and long thin gray locks and moustache rumpled. He might have been a tutor, or an auditor for a Liverpool bank. He is quite at a loss in the mountains, his adventures having all been undergone in the perusal of books, and his recreations being Sunday afternoon walks. His employer, BANNARD, finds him loyal, docile and tireless in routine. Bannard for the moment is a huge lump in a fur overcoat and cap. He develops later into a big man physically, about fifty, conscious of his own force and keenness, used to leadership—a sample of the business financier who graduates from a bank in the Middle West to an office in Broad Street, plays fiercely, successfully and conspicuously the only game he knows, that of making money, neglects his stomach and his family in a multitude of deals, and contributes himself, possibly as a railroad president or a notorious curb broker, to the glorification of American business enterprise. For the moment he is unconscious, with the blood from a scalp wound running down his forehead.]

PILOT

[To Chisholm, who follows him helplessly across the stage, with his hands full of sand.]

Water! Don't put dirt on him.

[Chisholm dips his handkerchief in the pool, and stands by while the Pilot bathes Bannard's face.]

CHISHOLM

Oh, how unfortunate! Young man, he isn't dead, is he? I hope

[10]

for your own sake, young man, he isn't dead. Mr. Bannard is one of the leading financiers of America, young man. It would go very hard with you. It would be a great loss.

PILOT

I don't think he's dead. He's breathing and bleeding like a pig.

CHISHOLM

I advised Mr. Bannard against this trip. I told him not to take an aeroplane across the Rocky Mountains, particularly out here where they don't understand the things. But he had his plans. He always does. He said it just fitted. He said it attracted just the right publicity. Oh, how distressing!

PILOT

Publicity! I thought you didn't want publicity. He told our company to keep this trip under their hats.

CHISHOLM

Oh, yes, quite so! quite so! That's what I meant. Wouldn't attract the right publicity. I mean wouldn't attract the wrong publicity.

PILOT

Well, we'll get publicity now all right, I'll tell the world. There! He's coming to. Gosh, I hope he ain't hurt bad.

BANNARD

[Sitting up slowly, rubbing the blood from his eyes, and estimating the situation.]

H-m-m-m! [After a pause.] Thank you. You both all right? [They nod anxiously.] Machine wrecked? [They point it out, and he looks at it.] I'm all O.K. Now let's get to business. Chisholm, take a telegram!

Very well, sir. Quite so, sir! But . . . one moment, sir, I haven't a pencil about. I think it possible, sir, the telegraph office—it might not be open. I haven't been down.

BANNARD

[Smiling.]

I forgot. Besides I thought for the moment you were my secretary. Pardon me. I shouldn't have asked an engineer to take a telegram. You see, my boy, my head is muddled. Where are we?

PILOT

I think we're right on the Divide, Mr. Bannard.

BANNARD

The Continental Divide?

PILOT

Yes, sir, but we're miles off our route, the route you marked on the map for me to follow.

BANNARD

I see. Well, may I ask, was this landing here just a bright idea of your own, or is it part of that splendid aeroplane system your advertising describes?

PILOT

I'm sorry, sir. I tried to follow that route. I overheard you say to the engineer it was a plan for a railroad. So I stuck as low down as I dared so you could watch the country. But when we came to get over the Divide she began missing, and I couldn't get up any higher. There wasn't a place you could make a landing for fifty miles. So I saw this low gap, away up to the north, so

AND THE THIRD DAY

low the pines grew right over a pass, and I tried to make it—and we hit a hydrant—or something.

BANNARD

I see. Very humorous. Now, I suppose your perfected aeroplane system involves an all-night ten-mile walk to some mining camp where we wait four days for the weekly train.

CHISHOLM

Surely there's a tavern or a taxi to be had somewhere.

BANNARD

My—hm, engineer wants you to telephone for a taxi. Columbus 55, isn't it, Chisholm?

PILOT

The only way I know to get anywhere is to follow a creek down. They all lead to a town or a ranch somewhere.

BANNARD

Let's go. [He rises, totters and limps.] Great Scott! My knee! [He settles down again.] Chisholm! Who's the leading knee doctor! Wire for him. Wire for nurses. This idiot and his damned company have broken my leg.

CHISHOLM

Oh, how unfortunate, Mr. Bannard! I hope not.

BANNARD

Hope not, do you! Now I'll spend two months in some confounded hospital while that Strauss and Meyer crowd get control of the Pacific Southwestern and batter about a million and a half

out of the market on everything I'm in. I'll break that aeroplane company for this. I'll get 'em! Who's their bank? I'll buy their paper tonight. Chisholm, look up their securities. We'll break 'em. We'll show 'em how to dump K. Z. Bannard in a damned wilderness with a broken leg, with nothing but trees and woodticks. Chisholm, wire the office to buy their stock—

[Remembering the situation.]

PILOT

Now, boss, you better sit tight. You've started your head bleeding again. I'll go find somebody to pack us out.

CHISHOLM

Indeed, there's nothing you can do, Mr. Bannard. You just sit and smoke a cigar, while this young man goes—err, around the corner—and gets us a car or something.

BANNARD

[More calmly.]

H-m-m! How far? How long?

PILOT

I ought to be back before midnight, sir. It's just dark—unless I get lost.

BANNARD

Meantime I'm to enjoy the landscape your company advertises. Four hours! Ants. Trees. Stars. Clear out! Wait! Have you got any money?

PILOT

No, sir. I don't usually—

BANNARD

Chisholm, give him a couple of hundred. He may need it.

[14]

PILOT

Anything I can do before I-

CHISHOLM

You might light a—

BANNARD

Light nothing! Get out! [The PILOT pockets the bills from Chisholm and goes eagerly to the east, through the trees.] Chisholm, you can amuse me for the next four hours by trying to light a fire yourself.

CHISHOLM

Quite so, Mr. Bannard. How unfortunate!

BANNARD

Make it funny. My leg hurts like fifty per cent call money. Give me a light before you waste all the matches.

[He lights a cigar, props himself against a rock, and as Chisholm muddles over the fire-building, talks, half to himself.]

BANNARD

Chisholm, how many times have you heard my sermon on how to get away with the other fellow's coin? The bird that gets the worm is the bird who looks too lame to jump for him. My boy, I can make this sprained knee worth a million dollars. Who ever heard of faking a broken leg?

CHISHOLM

Quite so, sir. Of course, in the sugar fraud cases, you didn't really have appendicitis, but—

[15]

BANNARD

Oh, that's old business. Everybody uses that get-away from a grand jury. But Chisholm! This broken knee is absolutely convincing. It's beautiful. I wasn't sure whether the trip would get enough publicity to affect the market. Even with the newspapers oiled and the aeroplane stunt, but man alive—"K. Z. Bannard lost in the Rocky Mountains with a broken leg" is a front page story on every paper in Broad Street. Chisholm, you musn't let them take your picture. So far, these cow-puncher reporters think you're a real railroad engineer. But everybody east of the Alleghanies knows you what you are, as the Bible says. Don't light your fire so near. That's better. And, Chisholm, don't let any newspaper reporter see you light a fire. Any cub would know you were a Secretary from 120 Broadway.

CHISHOLM

Quite so, sir.

BANNARD

We must reach the office. They must issue a statement in the morning positively denying that our trip has anything to do with building a new line. Just health and rest stuff. Doctor's orders, you know. Why, even the hicks in Marion, Ohio, or Lincoln, Nebraska, these days; don't believe that line. Then there must be a little word about our route, clear across the continent, you know, describing it, just about a hundred miles north of the Pacific Southwestern, so nobody will see the point of it but those wise Hart, Schaffner and Marxes down on the curb. And I can just see Meyer rubbing his hands, like a greasy pawnbroker, and telling that Potash and Perlmutter crowd there. Chisholm, this'll cost Meyer more than he put in that Florida tabernacle of his-this leg of mine. "Mein friend," he'll say, talking to Strauss, you know, "you see dot about Bannard, in de Times dis morning, hein? Dot Bannard is yust fool enough to be doing something foolish. Hein?" You know how he says "Hein?" Chisholm. "Dot fool Bannard is going to parallel the Pacific Southwestern, Strauss. Vot else is he doing out dere in de Vest? Ain't we bedder do sometinks?" And old Strauss, the old hypocrite, will suck in his lips, pretending he can think just as fast as Meyer and he'll say, "Otto, ve haff a great deal of dot Pacific Southwestern. I was tinkin' you was very radical in buying so much against my advice, Otto." And Meyer will say, "Klinkel told me Bannard was selling it short, last mont'. But Klinkel is a liar." You told Klinkel to tell him that, didn't you?

CHISHOLM

Yes, sir. But what does one do next, sir, having gathered the kindling?

BANNARD

Damn the kindling! Think of Meyer and Strauss. They'll go out and sell their rails, my boy, and the market will sag, and get worried, and by Friday all that Nassau Street crowd will be murdering each other to execute selling orders on Pacific Southwestern, and by Tuesday the stock won't be worth over fifteen and we can get it at our own price. I thought it would take six weeks, and, by God, this knee will get it to me in a week.

CHISHOLM

Very likely. But, Mr. Bannard, there's one thing in the whole scheme that I'm uneasy about. I'm very uncomfortable about pretending to be an engineer, but you'll probably get by with that, sir, and you're very keen about denying all these plans and still giving the impression you are not candid and all that. But, Mr. Bannard, will they ever believe you'd build a railroad?

BANNARD

Sure.

CHISHOLM

Why, sir, I've heard you say a hundred times and they've heard

[17]

you say "Fools build railroads and wise guys grab them. Let the ambitious fools build things. We'll take them away when they're built."

BANNARD

Chisholm, that's the right system and that's mine. You'll never find K. Z. Bannard wasting any office hours over this constructive finance. But, sooner or later, everybody else does. They make their stake and then they get hungry to be an international financier or a Morgan or a Harriman or a Henry Ford. All but K. Z. Bannard. He let's 'em sugar out the sap, and if it's sweet, he waits awhile and trades 'em an all-day-sucker for a pound of maple cake. All the rest get ambitious, and want to be Secretary of the Treasury, or found an art gallery or build a national park. And, Chisholm, they all think I'll fall for it, too. Every man with a bank account south of City Hall Square is waiting to crack just one more of his neighbor's safes before he begins to reform. All but K. Z. Bannard.

CHISHOLM

Very well, sir, you know.

BANNARD

I know. You bet I know. Chisholm, we must get the office on long distance before this search party finds us—before the market opens. This is the greatest chance for a good honest old-fashioned burglary since I moved from South Bend. I'll have that railroad of Meyer's before Wednesday night, and it's a good road if it is his. But—[He rises, totters, and then leans heavily on Chisholm, who catches him] confound this knee! Where's that damned aviator? Which way did he go? Why isn't he back? I'll break his one-horse company!

CHISHOLM

He said he went down stream, sir.

[18]

AND THE THIRD DAY

BANNARD

[Limping heavily to the front of the stage, where he can look both ways.]

Which way is down?

CHISHOLM

[Looking.]

Very curious, sir, it seems to flow both ways.

BANNARD

Both ways? Impossible! No stream flows two ways.

CHISHOLM

It does. Didn't he say this was the Continental Divide?

BANNARD

Yes.

CHISHOLM

Well, sir, this spring must be just on the Divide. This way the water runs to the Atlantic, and the other to the Pacific. That's very curious, sir, very interesting, very romantic, I may say.

BANNARD

Interesting nothing! There's only one interesting place on earth, my friend, and that sticks into New York Bay. I don't see anything interesting in these jungles.

CHISHOLM

Quite so, sir. I spoke thoughtlessly, sir.

BANNARD

It's pitch dark. Where's your fire?

[19]

Well, sir, I was not entirely successful. I—

BANNARD

I'll light your fire. I'm dizzy. This cut on my head. Help me over.

[CHISHOLM helps him, hobbling, back to the center. The darkness grows. Bannard, painfully getting down, strikes a match. His voice, in the dark, as the match flickers and then goes out.]

BANNARD

Do you suppose that boy knew that stream flowed two ways? Chisholm, I'd send you after him with a telegram if I knew which way he went. Very awkward, flowing both ways.

[Darkness. The forestage disappears. Then slowly the phosphorescence in the stream reappears. Then the tom-tom, the vapors and glow in the trees in the background. The Indian Chronicler is again visible. He chants.]

THE CHRONICLER

Three are the days, and the second dawns moodily. Only the robin is up and alert.

Raindrops of penitence drip on the Magpie,
Huddling a spruce trunk and mourning his hurt.

Raindrops of penitence, cleansing, caressing,
Hushing the boaster and mending his wing.

Raindrops of gloom but they carry a blessing—
Rain is the mother of many a thing!

Rain was first music, and water first laughter,
Dripping from pine sprays and coursing the hill.

Rain's the reminder of past and hereafter!

So thought the Magpie, and then he was still.

[The phosphorescence dims. The Chronicler disappears.]

SECOND SCENE

[Darkness. Then again a light on the main stage, beginning in faint flickers from a fire which Chisholm is blowing awkwardly in the left center.

A sort of shelter of branches and overcoats has been built in the left foreground against the hillside. Under it lies Bannard, smoking a cigar, propped against the bank, unshaven and dirty. A smudgy campfire in the center, steaming with wet wood. Chisholm hugs the campfire opposite Bannard. He is fanning it with a cap and a book in the dusk. Raindrops on the foliage, the trace of a day of rain just cleared.]

BANNARD

Chisholm, is this my last cigar?

CHISHOLM

Yes, sir, you've smoked a whole box since last night.

BANNARD

That's nothing. Twenty-five cigars in twenty-four hours is only one an hour, elapsed time. I've beaten that when I wasn't hungry. Give me a match.

CHISHOLM

Couldn't I light it with a torch or a coal, sir? We have only two matches left. That chauffeur may not turn up for another day, sir.

BANNARD

Two matches! I gave you a full box last night.

[21]

Very true. But I used half of them lighting the fire last evening, and today the box got wet in the rain. I left them in my overcoat over your head there.

BANNARD

Chisholm, if that damned chauffeur comes back before we starve, I'm going to have you elected the Imperial Granum of the Boy Scouts.

CHISHOLM

I'm very sorry, sir.

BANNARD

Give me a match. If I starve to death, I'm going to do it right. I'm not going to have my last cigar ruined by a torch from any fire you built. Besides, your fires aren't warm enough to light a cigar.

[He is handed the match, and silently lights the cigar, then settles back.]

CHISHOLM

A horribly wet day, sir. A horrible day!

BANNARD

One of the finest days of my life, Chisholm, if we had something to eat.

CHISHOLM

Fine? Why, sir, it rained all day till just now. And I'm wet as a bath towel, sir.

BANNARD

I'm wet myself. But smell the woods, man! Why, man, they build marble fountains to imitate that drip and smell. It's fine to get down to fundamentals once in a man's life, Chisholm.

I'm afraid I prefer a good hotel.

BANNARD

Is that still the same book you're reading?

CHISHOLM

Yes. I have only the one book.

BANNARD

One book, one match, one cigar, one sprained knee! You're right. That's a fine outfit for a second night in the woods after an all-day rain.

CHISHOLM

It's very unfortunate, sir, very. Perhaps the chauffeur will come back, Mr. Bannard, when he's spent the money you gave him.

BANNARD

That's comforting, Chisholm. Two hundred dollars will last him all summer out here. This isn't Broadway. Will your book last all summer?

CHISHOLM

Hardly, sir. But I've read it before. I could read it again.

BANNARD

Read a book twice! Chisholm, you are a card. I can't read a book once. But I'm going to be ready to eat one by morning. Aren't you too hungry to read?

CHISHOLM

The book makes me forget I'm hungry. Literature is a great refuge in trouble, Mr. Bannard.

[23]

BANNARD

The devil it is! I suppose it puts you to sleep. What kind of a book is it?

CHISHOLM

Well, sir, I—that is—it's only a romance, sir—that is to say not a serious book at all, sir. I have a great taste for romances, sir, for adventure and all that sort of thing.

BANNARD

The devil you have! What's the name of it?

CHISHOLM

It's called "A History of Pirates," sir.

BANNARD

Why, Chisholm, that's a child's book.

CHISHOLM

Well, sir, I—I hardly know how to explain. Pirates and robbers and explorers—I'm very fond of reading about them, sir. It takes me out of myself, sir. I—

BANNARD

Chisholm, I thought you didn't have any vices. Do you read Frank Merriwell?

CHISHOLM

Well, sir, I have sometimes—but not regularly, not regularly at all.

BANNARD

Read me some of that book.

[24]

Oh, Mr. Bannard, you wouldn't be interested. It's a very idle book—it's—

BANNARD

Go ahead! If it makes me forget I'm hungry it's worth a hundred dollars a page. I can't think of anything but planked steak.

CHISHOLM

I'm sure it will bore you. There's no business in it, no-

BANNARD

Business! There must be the pirate business in it. That's my business, Chisholm. Every man on the street's a pirate, and I'm king of 'em. Go ahead!

CHISHOLM

Very well, sir. The author takes up the pirates by seas, sir. One part is about the pirates of the Pacific, the Malays and Chinese; and another part is about the pirates of the Atlantic, sir, and so on. It's very fine about the pirates of the Atlantic, The Vikings and Captain Kidd and Teach, and all those. What shall I read, sir?

BANNARD

I don't care. Read about the Atlantic pirates. Read right where you are. I suppose I'm an Atlantic pirate.

CHISHOLM

I was reading about Captain Blackbeard, sir. In 1780, sir. He used to disguise his pirate craft like a friendly man-of-war or a merchantman, and, when he got very close, open fire and slaughter them all.

BANNARD

Exactly! He's a pirate and I'm a pirate. Only I pretend I'm building a railroad, and that you're my engineer, my first mate or whatever it is—and when we get up close we'll open fire and grab the Pacific Southwestern, and let Meyer walk the plank. Let's hear about this Blackbird.

CHISHOLM

Blackbeard.

BANNARD

Blackbird never built ships, Chisholm, or sailed with a cargo of his own, did he?

CHISHOLM

Oh, no, sir, Blackbeard was a true pirate.

BANNARD

What did I tell you, Chisholm? Let the other fellow—the fellow with a yellow streak—do that. Then when he gets out in the deep water, the game is to grab it from him when he's asleep.

CHISHOLM

Yes, sir, quite so. That's what you always said, Mr. Bannard.

BANNARD

Said it! I do it. I'm doing it now. Let's hear about this Blackbeard.

CHISHOLM

Well, sir, Blackbeard has just captured a sloop near the Barbadoes by strategy, sir. He was a very bloody man,—God forgive him! Just now he's slaughtering the crew of the ship he captured.

BANNARD

Go ahead! Perhaps it will tell me something to do to Meyer.

CHISHOLM

[He reads in a strained voice, gradually rising to his feet and acting the narrative, absorbed in the story.]

"There was no sound except the slap of the Atlantic swell against the sides of the captured vessel. Blackbeard stepped over the bodies of the slaughtered men. He stepped nearer the captain of the unfortunate sloop. Even the pirate's own crew trembled in suspense. The captive stood by the splintered foremast, his head sunk upon his breast, his arms pinioned in the grasp of two surly ruffians. No Viking who raked those same seas in earlier, wilder days, no Malay robber skulking behind his sail of mats, ever earned a fouler name than Blackbeard deserved today. With the blood streaming from a gash in his scalp, the pirate chief strode across the slippery deck. He wrenched up the head of his victim until he could gaze into his eyes. 'Where are the treasure chests?' he snarled. 'I know you left Jamaica with chests of taxes for the king. Give me the gold and I'll turn you free in a dory with a jug and a keg of biscuit. Deny me the gold, and you'll hang by the thumbs from the yard arm while I find it for myself."

[CHISHOLM pauses, out of breath and overwhelmed.]

BANNARD

[Calmly.]

Go on.

CHISHOLM

[Shyly resuming, then gradually sinking deeper into the action.]

"The captain stood alone on the deck, except for the circle of leering pirates and the prostrate forms of his own crew. Then he threw a proud glance about him, and said:

"'Blackbeard, an hour ago I was almost ready to surrender to

men who attacked against odds as bravely and boldly as you, rascals as you are. But, by the cross of St. George, I have no gold at all for cowards and torturers.'

"Blackbeard drew back, for a moment abashed. As he hesitated, his eyes ran over the flapping white sails and the towering masts of the good ship 'Bristol Jane,' and came to rest again, calmer and saner for their travels.

"'Long John,' he said, 'you and your boat-crew search forward, the rest of you abaft. Carpenter, find this man an oar, water and biscuits, and set him free in a boat. Blackbeard hangs no such man as this.'

"Without another word, Blackbeard strode away."

BANNARD

Look out, Chisholm! You'll land in the creek. And that creek, Chisholm, will take you to the Atlantic or Pacific, as it likes, you know, right down into the front office of one of the pirates.

CHISHOLM

Pardon, Mr. Bannard, I'm afraid I get so carried away I—

BANNARD

Go on!

CHISHOLM

[Reading.]

"But as Blackbeard turned away, sour and discontented looks from his pirate crew followed him. The crew searched fruitlessly far into the night for the treasure. Dark figures gathered and whispered among the masts and plotted treachery against their chief."

BANNARD

Chisholm, that reminds me. Have you seen any animals around today?

No, Mr. Bannard.

BANNARD

Well, never mind. I've just had a kind of a feeling all afternoon that we weren't alone. It's this empty stomach, I suppose.

CHISHOLM

[He listens. He hears nothing, but for Chisholm and the audience there is a faint suggestion of sea-song, trailing off into a wail from somewhere down the two streams.]

I'm sure it must be, sir. Your injury and the hunger, sir. Might very well set up a fever, sir.

BANNARD

Never mind, I guess it's nothing. Go ahead!

CHISHOLM

[Reading.]

"The pirates soon broke into the wine lockers of the ship. Before dawn she was burning to the water's edge, while the pirates paddled drunkenly back to their own vessel. No records indicate whether Blackbeard secretly recovered the treasure from the sinking ship and removed it unbeknownst to his drunken crew, or what became of the gold, if he did so. The treasure of the 'Bristol Jane' was lost to history, at any rate, that moonlight night off the Barbadoes."

[Chisholm pauses. The daylight is failing fast.]

Are you asleep, Mr. Bannard?

BANNARD

No.

CHISHOLM

Pardon the interruption, sir. No doubt you're planning just what we'll do to Meyer and the railroad.

[29]

BANNARD

I had forgotten all about Meyer.

CHISHOLM

Beg pardon, sir?

BANNARD

[Rising and limping slowly down towards the pool, gazing into patches of eastern sky between the treetops.]

I'm just watching for the big star that came up last night about this time over the trees there. Did you see it?

CHISHOLM

Why, no, sir, I didn't. I never cared for stars.

BANNARD

No, you wouldn't, Chisholm. Come to think of it, I never did myself till now. Never had time to look at 'em, I suppose. Maybe this is a new star.

CHISHOLM

Very probably. It must be, sir, for you to notice it. Shall I read any more, sir?

BANNARD

Is there anything good about a pirate in that book?

CHISHOLM

I can't say there is. They were very rough men.

BANNARD

Well, you just read to yourself then. That Blackbeard was a kind of a rotten cheese, I think. He don't seem to fit out here—

[30]

where the woods are so big and—all washed clean with the rain today—like the paving in New York at night.

CHISHOLM

Yes, sir, I hardly thought you'd care for romance.

BANNARD

Romance! That isn't romance. That Blackbeard didn't even have nerve. Why, the Captain had the nerve—to get out on that sea without more'n a six-shooter maybe when he knew it was full of low-down sneaking porch-climbers like that Blackbeard. There's the nerve.

CHISHOLM

But, Mr. Bannard, I've heard you say a hundred times—

BANNARD

I don't care what I said. You read your book to yourself. I'm going to watch for that star. I'll bet a hundred it's a brand new star I discovered myself. I'll bet a hundred dollars that Blackbeard never saw that star—or he wouldn't be the rotten cheese he was.

CHISHOLM

The next part of the book is about the Chinese pirates. It's quite different, sir.

BANNARD

Did they ever do anything decent?

CHISHOLM

Well, sir, I—

BANNARD

Then I wouldn't read about 'em if I were you—or one of these pine trees or mountains will get tired and step on you.

[31]

You mean, sir, I shouldn't read to myself?

BANNARD

Oh, no. Never mind.

CHISHOLM

I don't understand.

BANNARD

You wouldn't understand, Chisholm, you wouldn't understand by Christmas.

[The lights dim. Again the smoke cloud is illuminated in the trees above and the tom-tom commences and The Indian Chronicler replaces Bannard and Chisholm.]

THE CHRONICLER

Three are the days! And the third day comes glittering, Drunk with forgetfulness, rousing the glade

To a fiesta of scrambling and twittering!
All but the Magpie, and he is afraid.

"Hunger and rain are the prophets of littleness,"
Pondered the Magpie and limped from his bough.

"Trees that creak loudest betray their own brittleness.

Lo, I'm a sage and philosopher now!"

So he hopped gingerly, preening repentedly,
Soothing the wrens who fled chiding aside,
Cloaked in humility, never a thought that he
Swam but the currents the earth-gods provide!

[The light sinks. The Indian Chronicler becomes invisible.]

THIRD SCENE

[The fore-stage again develops. BANNARD is in the foreground, bathing the caked blood on his forehead in the stream. CHISHOLM stands over him, attentive but noticeably lackadaisical. The shelter and the fire the same, but a new fire and crude shelter in the center background some distance farther up hill.]

CHISHOLM

Is the knee less painful, Mr. Bannard?

BANNARD

It's better. The first night it was swollen. Last night it throbbed, but it's better tonight. Tomorrow I could walk if we had a square meal.

CHISHOLM

You mustn't think of it. I'm sure there'll be a rescue party in the morning. I shall certainly speak to the pilot when he arrives. Three days, indeed, and nothing to eat and no cigars for you! I am indignant.

BANNARD

Indignant! I'm hungry.

CHISHOLM

Quite so, sir.

BANNARD

Chisholm, one of us must go for help in the morning.

[33]

Very well, sir. I explored quite a distance today, you know, down both streams. I could scarcely hear when you called, Mr. Bannard, the last time.

BANNARD

You ought to write a book on your explorations, Chisholm. "Farthest North," or "Lost in the Front Yard." You're about as much use out of doors as a piano lamp.

CHISHOLM

My tastes have been higher, I hope. Mr. Bannard, civilization is measured by the degree we remove ourselves from raw nature.

BANNARD

I don't know about civilization. I don't know half what I knew three days ago, but I know one or two things I didn't know then. If you're civilization, I'm going to vote the Barbaric Ticket straight from now on.

CHISHOLM

I'm very sorry, sir. I meant no offense.

BANNARD

There, there! I guess I'm irritable. I've missed my first seven meals in forty years and spilled about a quart of blood, and I haven't had my iron today or whatever it is the advertisements say, and I'm as dizzy as a roller skate. So we'll call it off. Have you finished that little civilizing book on pirates yet?

CHISHOLM

Well, not quite. I'm reading the first appendix now. It's very edifying. I almost forgot the absence of dinner.

[34]

What's the particular crime?

CHISHOLM

It's an account of the Pirates of the Malay Islands. Naked brown men, sir, and a bloody, vicious immoral lot they were.

BANNARD

Are those what you call Vikings?

CHISHOLM

Oh, no, sir. The Vikings are our own ancestors. Norsemen, Mr. Bannard, who had fair hair and dressed in skins, but pirates, true pirates.

BANNARD

Have you read in your book about that Chinaman? The one Sir Somebody hanged?

CHISHOLM

Sing Lee?

BANNARD

Yes.

CHISHOLM

Ah, yes! There's a fine account of his trial in the book. Word for word! Before Sir Edward Host in Hongkong in 1881.

BANNARD

I read it this morning.

CHISHOLM

You did? Is it possible, sir? Then you wouldn't care to hear it again, sir?

[35]

No, thanks! Wait. Do you remember, Chisholm, what that fellow said when the judge gave him his last chance to talk?

CHISHOLM

A very fine passage, that. Sing Lee was quite a philosopher, sir.

BANNARD

Give me the book. Where is it? Listen. The judge pulled that line about whether Sing Lee had anything to say before the judge turned him over to the undertaker. Remember?

CHISHOLM

Not exactly, sir.

BANNARD

After the jury found him guilty, you know, of piracy. And the interpreter says Sing Lee wants to make a speech, and the old fossil of a judge says that's about all he's got time to do.

CHISHOLM

I don't remember exactly.

BANNARD

This is the interpreter. Listen, Chisholm. I want to ask you something when I get through.

CHISHOLM

Quite so, sir.

BANNARD

[Reading.]

"Interpreter: Sing Lee says if the Court please, he would explain himself in the Confucian sense. Sing Lee says he was born

[36]

on the Yellow River, in a house that floated on a boat, and that his father was a fisherman who fished with cormorants. And his honorable father and his other honorable ancestors had labored honorably fishing with cormorants since the Ta-tsing dynasty. But when he came of age his father said: 'Sing Lee, never fish with cormorants, or all your life long you will fish with cormorants only, and so die fishing. Only fools and cowards, who are afraid to do otherwise, labor to catch fish and bring and sell them. Wiser and bolder men take out their sampans before dawn, and, pretending to be diligently fishing, drift near to and overpower the honest fishermen. Then they strangle the honest fishermen you can hear cries sometimes on the river at night—and take the fish and the boats of the honest fishermen and sell them. Only fools build sampans and fish for fish. Be not a fool.' And Sing Lee says that, as his father commanded, he went with companions and strangled fishermen and sold their fish for two years, until one night his companions strangled Sing Lee's own father, and Sing Lee, unknowing, sold his father's fish."

CHISHOLM

How very distressing!

BANNARD

Well, it didn't seem to bother your friend, Chisholm. That was his start in business.

CHISHOLM

How was that, sir?

BANNARD

Listen. [Reading.] "Interpreter: Sing Lee says he fled away in a sampan because his companions, though thieves, considered him the murderer of his father. Then Sing Lee became a pirate in the China Sea, and he has sunk more junks than any pirate in a hundred years. And he has killed 180 men and some women and children. He is a great pirate. He has even captured a British gunboat.

It is because he is sharper and bolder than other men. He says that he is wiser and braver than the judge, and if the judge hangs him, Sing Lee says it is only because the other cowards who help the judge are too many for Sing Lee to fight."

CHISHOLM

Very fine, Mr. Bannard. Can't say how delighted I am to find you enjoying my book. They tell me the Orientals are very courageous, sir.

BANNARD

Does Sing Lee talk like anybody else you ever heard, Chisholm?

CHISHOLM

Can't say, sir, I'm sure. I never had the acquaintance of any Orientals.

BANNARD

No, not a Chinaman. Did you ever hear anybody else say anything that sounded like that line of Sing Lee's?

CHISHOLM

Well, sir, I think not. I scarcely meet any sailors, sir.

BANNARD

Well, never mind, go to bed.

CHISHOLM

Quite so, sir. Perhaps I had better go up on the hill, where I slept last night?

[The daylight begins to fail.]

BANNARD

Yes, go up to your own fire.

[38]

I hoped you wouldn't mind if I stayed down here.

BANNARD

Better do what I told you last night. Go up to your own fire and leave me at mine. For one thing you snore. For another I don't want to be too close if lightning strikes your civilization. For another, as I've told you, there's something around here that's afraid to come near you or the fire. It may only be my empty stomach but I want to watch tonight and see.

CHISHOLM

I'm sure there's no one about. You make me very nervous.

BANNARD

Go along and read yourself to sleep. I'll call you if I see anything.

[Chisholm goes to the upper shelter, some yards to the right behind Bannard, and opening his book, squats in front of the fire, his form in dim silhouette against the firelight.]

BANNARD

Chisholm, turn to that page about Sing Lee, again.

CHISHOLM

Quite so, sir. [Pause.] I have it, sir.

BANNARD

When the interpreter got through with the Chinaman's speech, the judge said something, didn't he?

[39]

Yes, sir. Sir Edward Host was a very stern man, sir,—and a very handsome man, I've heard it said.

BANNARD

Read what he said.

CHISHOLM

[Reading.]

"Sir Edward: Tell Sing Lee he brought nothing into this world and he will take nothing out. But that his ancestors were unlike him, for, while they brought nothing in, they went with all that mandarins and philosophers can take, an honorable and useful name, and a remembrance of building sound sampans and catching many fish for hungry men. Tell Sing Lee, as the English law provides, he shall be taken from the place where he now is to the place of execution, and there hanged by the neck until he is dead, and God have mercy on his soul!"

[The stage is almost dark.]

BANNARD

[Repeating after Chisholm.]

"Tell Sing Lee he brought nothing into this world and will take nothing out. And God have mercy on his soul." Cheerful fellow, that judge!

CHISHOLM

Yes, Mr. Bannard, a very pious man and quite a wit on occasion. My mother's aunt married a scrivener, sir, who was in the foreign office. And I've heard the most extraordinary tales of Sir Edward. He hung many a pirate, sir. They say in his black cap and white wig, he made a fine figure. There's another passage, here, about him in the book. [Turning the pages, in dim and distant silhouette.] I'll find it in a moment, sir, in a moment, in a moment, in a moment. . . .

[The last words become scarcely intelligible, as the light by Chisholm sinks, and a solitary irregular beam centers on

Bannard in front. It is the moon between the branches. Bannard peers into the creek gorge both ways. Again the wordless phrase of a sea-chant rises faintly, ends in a wail and is repeated off among the trees that line both streams.

BANNARD

[In suspense.]

They're coming! Whatever they are, they're here. I've felt them coming since yesterday.

[For awhile the observer is conscious of Chisholm still reading, inaudibly, and gesturing to himself in the background, as he does when he reads. After a little he becomes inconspicuous. An indistinct, noiseless figure creeps up the Pacific branch of the creek onto the stage. It is a tall brown man, with a curved wooden knife, a breechclout and a paddle. He is following a scent up the stream. He passes above Bannard, tastes the water and finds the scent lost. He turns, hesitating. Then he detects Bannard, and approaches him, crouching, inquisitive like a wild animal, and hostile. BANNARD on whom the light gently centers, sees the brown man and watches, at first from his reclining position, half apprehensive, half curious, quite unsurprised. Then as the brown man approaches, BANNARD rises and backs away from him. Behind BANNARD another figure has arrived from the Atlantic or left branch of the stream. The two apparitions are utterly unconscious of each other's presence. The second figure is an early Norse marauder, sometimes called a Viking, in white skins and a low helmet. BANNARD, retreating before the brown man, backs into the Viking before he knows of his presence. The Norseman grasps BANNARD'S wrist, and the brown man clutches at his throat. BANNARD makes a faint struggle, mental rather than physical, but seems helpless.]

BANNARD

Help! Help! Chisholm, for God's sake, help!

[Chisholm is visible but oblivious, as if nothing had occurred.]

Let me go, damn you! What do you want?

THE NORSEMAN

[Backing off uncertainly.]

What do I want? I do not know.

BANNARD

Who are you, then? Where did you come from?

NORSEMAN

I smelled the stream where among the breakers the spray was salt. I came because it called me. I came—who knows—because I must.

BANNARD

Who are you, I say?

NORSEMAN

I was called Thorgis, the Viking. But that was very long ago. A hundred times—a thousand times the spring has thawed the ice pack where the white whales blow since any man called me at all.

BANNARD

Who is this man?

THORGIS

[Conscious of the brown man for the first time, but indifferently.]

I do not know him.

BANNARD

[Authoritatively to the other.]

Let go!

[The brown man backs off unconcernedly.]

[42]

THE BROWN MAN

Peace! Kalanaú is lost. He came because the blood of one like him flowed into that fresh water, into the peaceful ocean, where he wanders always—lonely as a palm tree on a coral ring. Kalanaú was lonely, and he smelled his brother's blood.

BANNARD

His brother's blood! I-

KALANAÚ

Peace! I will go higher to the blood I smelled.

BANNARD

Why did you choke me?

THORGIS

Who knows!

KALANAÚ

Who knows! It was so always that I met men—but I remember now that they were brown men who paddled log canoes and sang long songs among the coral reefs. Always we crept upon them in the dark and strangled them—that way. Perhaps the blood is higher.

[Kalanaú turns to climb, scooping water in his hand to smell it, and starts uncertainly up stream. Thorgis stands indifferent. Bannard turns to face up stage, watching Kalanaú, and, as he does so, another figure, then another, in gay Chinese costumes slip gently on from the Pacific division of the stream. They are almost upon Bannard when he detects something and wheels to face them. As he does so he is met by a rush of figures from the Atlantic side as well. The new group are dressed as traditional Caribbean pirates. They all halt, stiffen and then gently slouch away as Bannard faces them.]

Chisholm, Chisholm! For God's sake!

[He turns and sees Chisholm still dimly visible, reading and oblivious.]

BANNARD

He is there. He does not hear. Am I asleep?

[The pirates stand, indifferently, and Bannard, limping, hesitatingly approaches the Chinese group. He touches the leader, finds him solid, to his surprise, and rubs his hand across his own forehead. Then he desperately grasps the Chinaman's shoulder.]

BANNARD

[Boldly.]

Your name!

SING LEE

[Defiantly.]

Sing Lee. [Indifferently.] I was.

BANNARD

[Suddenly enlightened.]

Sing Lee! [After a pause.] What brought you here?

SEVERAL ON BOTH SIDES

[Pointing to the stream but speaking dully.]

The blood!

SING LEE

[Simply.]

That stream came down into the sea, stained red with blood, and the ripples said: "This might be your own blood, Sing Lee. For it is the blood of your brother, the blood of your son, the blood of one who is as like to you as the splash of the right bow is to the splash of the left."

BLACKBEARD

And I was lonely. I am lonely always. And I came.

[44]

BANNARD

[To SING LEE.]

These others?

SING LEE

Sing Lee does not know them.

BANNARD

[To the leader of the Atlantic Group.]

You are Blackbeard!

BLACKBEARD

I had forgotten, but men called me so.

[Bannard points questioningly at the men behind Blackbeard. Blackbeard shakes his head vaguely.]

BANNARD

[Musingly.]

Is the water still stained with your brother's blood, Sing Lee?

SING LEE

The stain is faint.

BANNARD

[As before.]

And was it that same blood that drew you all? [All nod.] Pirates and murderers and ruffians—because you smelled your like?

[They assent.]

THORGIS

I was lonely.

KALANAÚ

I was lonely, and the blood stain brought me thoughts of days that have dried and blown away, like coral sand.

[45]

BANNARD

[Suddenly reaching the stream above the last fall and plunging in his hand.]

Is this the stain?

[The cataract grows red, tinting the water in pool below.]

ALL

[Eagerly.]

The blood!

BANNARD

[In a struggle to adjust and maintain his philosophy.]

Blackbeard, you say you have forgotten. [Brandishing his dripping arm before Blackbeard.] Don't you remember the fights you fought, the ships you won, the flash of your guns, the strength of your arm, the men you forced to their knees, and the weaklings you hated?

BLACKBEARD

[His face lighting, then dulling.]

I have forgotten.

BANNARD

The "Bristol Jane"—can't you remember the "Bristol Jane"? What did you do with the gold of the "Bristol Jane"?

BLACKBEARD

The gold?

BANNARD

The gold the Captain hid. Doesn't the "Bristol Jane" mean anything?

BLACKBEARD

[Feeling his way.]

I know—the "Bristol Jane"—I think I can remember. Oh, I remember, I gave a man his life. The Captain—he was a brave

man—I could not beat him—and I gave him his life. Thank God! I can remember something—one thing! I gave a man his life!

BANNARD

But the gold, man, the gunshots and the battles for the gold!

BLACKBEARD

[Dreamingly.]

I do not remember. [Proudly.] But I thank you, sir. My name is Teach, sir, at your service, sir, called Blackbeard. You have helped me, sir. Now I have something to remember, sir. I did! I gave a man his life! Thank God, once I gave a man his life.

[He steps aside, rubbing his hands, and mumbling joyfully to himself.]

BANNARD

[Disdainfully.]

The fool! [Suddenly seeing him back off.] Where are you going?

BLACKBEARD

Back to my ocean, back to the Barbadoes and the Keys, where I belong.

BANNARD

For what?

BLACKBEARD

Oh, I shall remember now. It will not be so lonely.

SING LEE

The white sailor is blessed. Can you also bless Sing Lee with something to remember?

BANNARD

Remember! You, the greatest pirate in a hundred years! Your junks, your prisoners, your British gunboat!

[47]

SING LEE

I? Gunboat? I have forgotten!

BANNARD

Even the speech you made to that English dude when he sent you out with his soldiers to be hanged?

SING LEE

Sing Lee remembers only that he wanders forever, in the Yellow Sea, out there, where there are ships that do not see him and gulls that do not fly at his approach.

BANNARD

The cormorants, man, with rings around their necks, who dived and brought your father fish!

SING LEE

The cormorants! [Delightedly.] The swimming birds with green-black necks! Sing Lee remembers now an old man's smile—a man with thin gray hairs around his chin, who pulled all day upon an oar. The old man patted me upon the head. Why, why, before it goes—remind me why he patted me?

BANNARD

I do not know. I'm sorry.

SING LEE

The cormorants! Something about the cormorants!

BANNARD

Sing Lee, I think I understand. Something you did before you strangled fishermen, before you saw the Yellow Sea. Perhaps you could remember that.

[48]

SING LEE

I remember. I was a boy, too small to braid a queue. One day a tall ship in the Yangtze River spilled our boat, and all the birds would have been lost but I dove overboard, and, swimming underneath the water, caught them all but one. Sing Lee remembers! You have blest him like the sailor from the other sea.

[Suddenly voices, faint shouts and a glimmer of light in the distant hillside behind. The figures, except Bannard and Chisholm, shrink and vanish in the gloom. The light slowly alters to a natural dusk.]

CHISHOLM

[Rises, looks up hill and calls excitedly.]

Hello, hello, I say! Mr. Bannard, are you asleep, sir? There's someone coming, sir.

BANNARD

What's that?

CHISHOLM

There's someone coming. I hear men and horses. It must be a rescue party. Shall I call?

BANNARD

Wait a minute—I want to think. I want to think. Who's the best engineer to build a railroad we know?

CHISHOLM

Harvey, I suppose, John Harvey of Chicago. Mr. Bannard, he built the—

BANNARD

Of course, Harvey! Take a telegram, Chisholm. John Harvey, whatever that building is, Chicago—

[49]

Mr. Bannard, Mr. Bannard! You forget, sir, I haven't a pencil and there isn't any telegraph office and—

[Chisholm comes down to Bannard.]

BANNARD

Of course, Chisholm, I forgot. But get this, Chisholm,—get this. I need an engineer, Chisholm. We're going to build a railroad, man,—a standard gauge, short line railroad that will cut twelve hours off America, and make the Pacific Southwestern look like a Coney Island roller coaster. Do you get me?

CHISHOLM

Of course. We're to say we came up to build a railroad.

BANNARD

No! We're to say nothing—that's just it. We're to build this railroad, Chisholm, not talk about it. We're going to shut our mouths till I see the men I've got to see. What I need is an engineer.

CHISHOLM

But, Mr. Bannard, I've heard you say a hundred times, "Let the other fellow—"

BANNARD

I don't care what I said. They'll never rank me as one of these second-story porch-climbers who went around stealing babies out of their baby carriages.

CHISHOLM

But, Mr. Bannard, they'll never believe it of you.

[50]

That's the point. They'll never believe it of me till it's too late to stop me.

CHISHOLM

But, Mr. Bannard, we've never done anything like this. It's very unsafe.

BANNARD

Unsafe nothing! I've told you all along that this railroad scheme was so blamed plausible and sound that they'd believe it in a minute.

CHISHOLM

So you did.

BANNARD

And, Chisholm, write this out on your Underwood and stick it under the plate glass on your desk: "K. Z. Bannard isn't going to spend eternity wandering around the clean woods and hiding from the moon, and smelling blood with Blackbeard and Sing Lee and Meyer and Strauss. K. Z. Bannard is going to have one place he can remember, one thing he isn't ashamed to tell—like the poor devils wandering down the creek."

CHISHOLM

The creek—who—

BANNARD

Never mind. But, Chisholm, here's your job for the rest of your life. Keep your eyes on me, and if you ever catch me after a good dinner telling how smart I am to take it from the babies, just get me a strait-jacket and break my leg with a mallet, and bring me back here.

CHISHOLM

Quite so, sir, but I-

[51]

And that book of yours—I want you to read that book to me about once every six weeks, and if it doesn't make me foam at the mouth, that's your signal to get the strait-jacket and the mallet.

CHISHOLM

Quite so, sir. It will be very difficult if-

BANNARD

Now get up there, and blackguard that aviator until I'm ready to go. So they keep away for half an hour!

CHISHOLM

Quite so, sir. But, Mr. Bannard, they won't understand. They'll insist on coming down.

BANNARD

Do what I tell you! I've got an appointment for half an hour.

CHISHOLM

An appointment, sir?

BANNARD

Yes, an appointment—an appointment with a star!

[The stage dims as Chisholm climbs up the hill, hesitatingly, uncertain whether Bannard is in his right mind. Bannard waves him away, amused but impatient. Then Bannard steps out into the open and looks eagerly up to the sky.]

[The stage darkens. Then again the phosphorescence in the stream, the green glow and the vapor among the spruces, the tom-tom and muted strings and the chant of the Indian spokesman.]

THE CHRONICLER

Dawn, Noon and Night are the trackers unwearying. Dawn the slim cougar, and tall Noon behind; Night is the Thunder-bird. Three are the trackers! And three are the days of the moods of mankind!

THE END

















